

Christmas - 1946

Read Luke 2:1-14

And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them and they were filled with fear. And the angel said to them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people: for to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign for you: you will find a babe wrapped in swaddling cloths and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom He is pleased!"

The time goes so quickly that it is hard to realize that Christmas is already here. But the weather supports the calendar in the contention that such is the case. Are we prepared for it? As usual there are so many things that make us very busy just before Christmas. But Christmas comes whether we are ready for it or not.

It has always been like that. Even when Jesus came in "the fulness of time" many were not prepared. There was no room for Him in the inn of Bethlehem. There was no wealth or welcome to make things pleasant for Him. There was no room in the hearts of many of the most prominent people. The ruler Herod wanted to destroy Him. The average person was occupied with thoughts about the difficult times in which they lived: about the registration and increasing taxation. There was little thought of God and the Saviour that was sent.

The angels heralded His arrival. The shepherds went to find Him. But most of the people that time missed the glory which He brought. And so today many who think they are celebrating Christmas miss its glory. They may have a Christmas tree and all the finest decorations. They may have all the traditional festival foods and ceremonies. They may have all the usual visiting and festivities and yet they may have no real Christmas. For all these things—fine as they are in themselves—and much as we would miss them—are only some of the fine wrappings of the real Christmas gift.

It would be disappointing if you were given a very expensive gift with fine wrappings and you became so taken up with the fine wrappings that you never found the gift inside. Your enthusiasm for the wrappings and fine appearance of the parcel would



When Sankey Sang the Shepherd Song on Christmas Eve

Children, did you ever hear of Moody and Sankey? Dwight L. Moody was a man to whom God had given wonderful power and ability to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Ira D. Sankey was another man to whom God had given wonderful power to sing the same gospel. For years these two men worked together, Moody preaching and Sankey singing. In the year 1875 they had both been in Liverpool serving their Master in that great city. Toward the end of the year they returned to America.

It happened that on Christmas Eve of this year, 1875, Mr. Sankey was travelling by steamboat up the Delaware River. It was a calm, starlit evening and there were many passengers gathered on the deck. Mr. Sankey was asked to sing, and, as always, he was perfectly willing to do so. He stood there leaning against one of the great funnels of the boat and his eyes were raised to the starry heavens in quiet prayer. It was his intention to sing a Christmas song but somehow he was driven to sing the "Shepherd Song."

"Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care:
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,

only be an insult to the giver. Do not be like that with God's Christmas gift God intended for you. Unto you is born a Saviour. Unless you have Him as your Saviour from sin you can have no real Christmas joy.

No, there can be no real Christmas without Christ. With Him there is Christmas joy even if there is little of temporal wealth with which to celebrate. God gave us in Christ the best He had and that which we needed most. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Let nothing crowd out that perfect Christmas Gift this year. Put Him first in all your festivities. Make sure you have room for Him in your heart. Thank God for the gift of salvation that is yours in Him.

"O Holy Child of Bethlehem, descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin, and enter in, be born in us today
We hear the Christmas angels the great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Immanuel!"

—J. Selmer Stolee

Thou has bought us, Thine we are.
"We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:

Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.
"Thou has promised to receive us.
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.

Blessed Jesus.
We will early turn to Thee.
"Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still."

There was a deep stillness. Words and melody, welling forth from the singer's soul floated out over deck and the quiet river. Every heart was touched. After the song was ended a man with rough, weather-beaten face came up to Mr. Sankey and said:

"Did you ever serve in the Union Army?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sankey, "in the spring of 1860."

"Can you remember if you were doing picket duty on a bright moonlight night in 1862?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sankey, very much surprised.

"So do I," said the stranger, "but I was serving in the Confederate Army. When I saw you standing at your post I thought to myself: 'That fellow will never get from here alive. I raised my musket and took aim. I was standing in the shadow completely concealed while the full light of the moon was falling on you. At that instant, just as a moment ago, you raised your eyes to heaven and began to sing. Music, especially song, has always had a wonderful power over me, and I took my finger off the trigger.

'Let him sing his song to the end,' I said to myself, 'I can shoot him afterwards. He's my victim at all events, and my bullet cannot miss him.'

"But the song you sang then was the song you sang just now. I heard the words perfectly:

We are Thine do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way.

"These words stirred up many memories in my heart. I began to think of my childhood and my God-fearing mother. She had many, many times sung that song to me. But she died all too soon, otherwise much in my life would no doubt have been different.

"When you had finished your

(Continued on Page Two, Col. 1)

Topics of Interest

MAKE ROOM FOR JESUS

Much of our life today is like the inn at Bethlehem—so crowded that there is no room for Jesus.

But should we not have more room for Him in our age than ever before? Should not our modern machines and labor saving devices give us more time for prayer, the reading of God's Word and for worship? But the average person probably spends much less time this way than he did twenty years ago. With cars instead of oxen (or even horses) it should be easier to get to church. But old timers tell us of a time when "we all went to church". Shorter hours and more leisure should give us more time to sit at Jesus' feet. But most folks seem to be sitting elsewhere nowadays. New and more interesting material and more modern methods of teaching at the disposal of homes and Sunday Schools should bring better knowledge of Christ to our children and young folks, yet juvenile delinquency seems to be growing more serious and more juvenile.

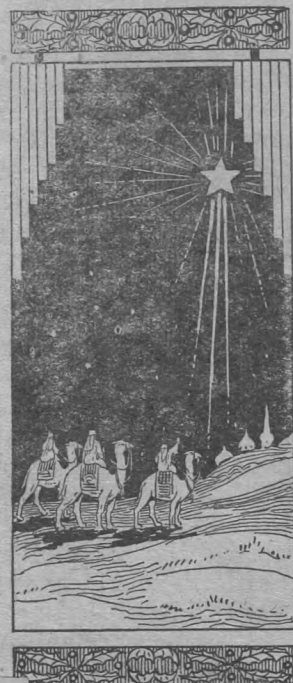
Why is it that way? Has not Jesus sought room? Have we not more Bibles available? Are there not plenty of churches? Do we not have enough opportunities of hearing the Word of God, through the printed page, from the pulpit and over the air? Certainly in all these ways Jesus has been coming to us, has been knocking at our doors, has been seeking to be born in our hearts, and to live in our lives. But we turned Jesus away. Our hearts and lives were too crowded with other things to make room for Jesus.

How did our lives become so crowded when there should be more room than before? Because there is a devil who watches every new room of blessing that is opened. Immediately he begins to crowd and clutter it up with trivial things to keep Jesus out. Even rooms that should be especially reserved for Jesus. Thus the Christ-child, who ought to be our greatest joy and our sublimest guest at Christmas, is in many hearts, crowded out by Santa Claus and worldly pleasures.

Is your life too crowded to give Jesus room? Do not wait for room to be found. Remember, the clutterer is always at work. Remember, too, that you are responsible for the state of your heart, and that Jesus alone has a full right to it. Make room for Jesus. Then you will have a blessed Christmas.

—A. K. H.

If a man is not familiar with the Bible, he has suffered a loss which he had better make all possible haste to correct.—Theodore Roosevelt.



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CHRISTMAS, 1946

"For unto you is born this day a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." Again this blessed message rings out over a world in turmoil and distress. Again it rings with the glad, triumphant joy of heaven that radiates in winsome beauty against a world in desperate need.

Men's hearts are failing them for fear of the events in the march of time. Peace has not yet come among nations. Men are trying to bring it to pass. Every sincere effort in this direction should be encouraged and supported.

However, we are keenly conscious that the only guarantee of lasting peace will be found as plans and movements are centred in the Christ of Christmas. There is no peace where the Prince of Peace is left out. So we desperately need the Christmas message again this year. Individuals, communities, nations — all need it.

May our own Lutheran Church in Canada also this year hold forth in clear accents the central place of the cross in the life of the church and of the nation.

A Child's Thought

The stars of Christmas sparkle bright
And dot the sky with bits of light,
And somewhere, I am sure, the angels sing

Glad carols of praise to the Christmas King

Who to Bethlehem came as a baby dear.

If I listen quite closely, perhaps I can hear.

When Sankey Sang

(Continued from Page One)

song, it was impossible for me to take aim at you again. I thought: "The Lord who is able to save that man from certain death must surely be great and mighty—and my arm of its own accord, dropped limp at my side.

"Since that time I have wandered about far and wide; but when I just now saw you standing there praying just as on that other occasion, I recognized you. Then my heart was wounded by your song; now I wish that you may help me to find a cure for my sick soul."

Deeply moved, Mr. Sankey threw his arms about the man who in the days of the war had been his enemy. And this Christmas night the two went together to the manger in Bethlehem. There the stranger found Him, their common Saviour, the Good Shepherd, who seeks for the lost sheep until He finds it. And when he has found it He lays it on His shoulders, rejoicing.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day."—Free Tract Society.

The Bible is the only Book for thinkers, readers, scholars, speakers, men, women, children. If we can have only one Book, save us that!—Jos. H. Choate.

"Thou Shalt Call His Name Jesus"

Matthew 1:21

By H. G. Randolph

Such was the call of God most High as it was spoken by the angel from heaven to Joseph, the obscure son of David who lived as humble carpenter in the city of Nazareth. It is still the call of God which comes to us anew in the Christmas evangel that will be proclaimed and heard throughout the world at this coming Yuletide for which we are waiting and preparing. Let us pause a while before the words of this call that its message may grip our hearts anew and again enrich our lives by its bounties.

The first word with which we want to stop is Jesus. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus." In our English Bible this name is printed in capitals, like this, JESUS, reminding us, no doubt, that the Holy Spirit would engrave the blessed name of JESUS in large letters of fire upon our hearts and minds so that men might plainly see JESUS in our work, in our acts, in our attitudes, in our lives. This emphasis on the name, so important, indeed, that an angel was sent from heaven with this name for the Saviour who was soon to be born.

The meaning of the name Jesus, or Joshua, as it occurs in the Old Testament records, tells the story of its importance. In the language of God's chosen people it means "Jehovah saves" or Jehovah our salvation." Pious Hebrew parents had given the name Joshua to their sons as a confession of trust in Jehovah and of hope in the coming Joshua who God had promised to send for the salvation of the world. When, therefore, God Himself gives this name to the child, soon to be born of the blessed Virgin, the time of the fulfillment of God's promises and the realization of the hopes of the faithful is at hand. Soon men shall behold the promised Joshua, "Jehovah our salvation."

His name tells His mission. The reason for giving the name Jesus to the coming Saviour is, in the words of the angel, "for it is he that shall save his people from their sins." He has come to save, to save His people to save all peoples, save them from their sins. What all men need is salvation, salvation from sin, "for all people have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." Jesus, "Jehovah our salvation" answers that need.

His name also tells what He is. He is Jesus, Saviour. Hebrew parents could call their sons Joshua but not one of them was Joshua, Saviour. But Christ our Lord not only bore that blessed name but He is what that precious name declares, Saviour, the Saviour, the only Saviour. Is He your Saviour?

This question draws our attention to the second word before which we want to pause a while, the word call. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus." He is Jesus, the Saviour. From eternity unto eternity. He is forever the Saviour who has wrought an everlasting salvation for us. Nothing in heaven or on earth or under the earth can change that. Neither can any one ever take that name from Him. At the same time you must call His name Jesus, name Him, own Him, confess Him as Saviour. Though eternally the Saviour, He can be Saviour to you only if with a believing heart you also give Him that name. When Joseph, the son of David, in obedience to the angel's command "called his name Jesus," he thereby accepted Him as the heir to the throne of David. Similarly when in an obedient faith you call His name Jesus you commit to Him the throne of your heart for Him to indwell and occupy as your Saviour. Have you really "called his name Jesus" yet?

There is yet another word in our text which calls for our consideration, the word thou. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus." Heaven gave Him that name. None the less it was granted to Joseph also to give that name to our Lord.

To you, too, has this privilege

THE STARS' MESSAGE

Frieda Martini Buchen

The stars brought forth a message of comfort tonight,
And strengthening cheer;
In face of despair they so tenderly said,
"Thy Maker is near!"
On wings of that star-light came glimmering hope,
Serenity deep,
And joyful assurance that Nature's good Lord
Will care for His sheep!

C.L.B.I. Association Meeting

"Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God."
Isa. 41:10.

The annual business meeting of the C.L.B.I. Association was held on November 26, 1946 at C.L.B.I. with a very good attendance.

Rev. Otto Eklund, Meeting Creek, chairman of the board presided.

The following were elected as the new board members: Rev. L. Tengbom, Calgary, Alberta, Augustana Synod for three years; Rev. E. W. Olson, Dickson Alberta, U.E.L.C. for three years; Mr. Peter Adamson, Dickson, Alberta, U.E.L.C. for two years; Rev. T. Maakestad, Edmonton, Alberta, N.L.C.C. for three years; Mr. Ben Hanson, Edburg, Alberta, Lutheran Free Church for three years.

Pastor A. M. Vinge is now full-time dean. He succeeds Pastor C. A. Bernhardtson, who resigned due to ill-health.

Teachers for the fall term are: Dean A. M. Vinge, Pastor P. B. Stolee, and C. A. Bernhardtson.

A decision to purchase a new home for the dean was made at the meeting.

The following improvements have been made in the school building this past year: installation of gas in the furnace and kitchen; inlaid linoleum on the kitchen floor; painting of the walls of the dining-room, kitchen and hallways; doors and casings have been put on the girls' rooms in the dormitory.

Fellowship Week will be held this year again February 16-22, 1947. Truly it has been a blessed year and God has indeed been with us.

Let Not Us Forget This First Christmas After Peace

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.

Rudyard Kipling.

been granted by grace. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus." It is God's favor to you personally which can be accepted by you alone. No one else can receive this grant of God's grace for you. Each one of us must personally own and call Him Jesus. Jesus is Saviour to me only when He is my Saviour.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus." This is God's call to us at this Christmas-tide. May we hear it, may we accept it, may we obey. God grant to each one of us His grace with truly believing hearts to "call his name Jesus," Saviour, my Saviour.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Name at which must ev'ry knee
Bow in deep humility.
Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall His people save."
Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.
Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of God above!
Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

Wm. Walsham How, 1854.

"GRACE BEFORE MEAT"

"Give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

"Bread of heaven, feed us till we want no more."

"Our table thou hast furnished and our cup overflows."

"Come, Lord Jesus, be Thou our guest,

And let our daily bread be blest."

"Great God, Thou giver of all good, Accept our praise and bless our food,

Grace, health, and strength to us afford,

Thru Jesus Christ, our risen Lord."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who satisfieth thy soul with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle."

"Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the food which Thou hast set before us. And, we pray Thee, grant us Thy blessing while we partake of it, thru Jesus Christ, our Lord."

"Jesus, bless what Thou hast given, Feed our souls with bread from heaven;

Guide and lead us all the way,
In all that we may do or say."

"What we have here is of Thee. Accept our thanks and bless us, that we may continue to do Thy will."

"The eyes of all wait for Thee, and Thou givest them their food in due season, Thou openest Thy hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

"Give us this day our daily bread. Nourish our souls with the Bread of Life, that we may live with Thee in Thy kingdom of joy and abundance forever."

"Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with the food that is needful for me."

"We thank Thee for our daily bread! Let also, Lord, our souls be fed! O Bread of Life, from day to day Sustain us on our homeward way!"

Ær Gud!

Dersom Kristus har besøkt din sjel
saa maa du gi ham all æren. "Ikke oss, Herre, ikke oss, men dig alene være æren!"

Den eneste grunn til at du er frelst er er Jesu medynk med dig. Det er slett ikke fordi du er bedre enn andre, eller for ditt gode sinnelag, eler fordi du er en flittig bibelesser. Nei, det er kun av naade. Av naade er I frelste. Elsk Gud for evig, fordi han banket paa din hjertedør.

Tilbed Jesus fordi han er dødt for dig og har tilbudt dig frelse. Tilbed den Hellige Aand som av fri vilje og av naade vekket din sjel op av søvnen. Ja, Guds frie naadegjerning vil være grunn til lov og pris for evigheten.

—Mc. Cheyne

Jul Vesterheimen.

Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Igjen kommer Jul i Vesterheimen til os i flott drakt og med godt innhold. Hefter, som vanlig, inneholder digt, en julebetraktning, fortellinger, samt kunstbiller, "Stille natt", og Julenatt. Der finnes ogsaa i heftet seks helsidige bilder fra Mount Ranier Naturpark.

Her er lidt av innholdet: Sangen om livens tre, av redaktør Jørgensen, Varonn paa Hedmark, Med Guds ord i fiendeland, Heimlenget ved jule-tider, En Herrens haandlanger, Jule-tanker, Fra Midvestens saga, osv.

Hyrdens norske lesekrefts vil ogsaa gledes ved at finde et av Pastor C. K. Solberg's digt. Digtets navn: Jule-jesten, mitt trygge vern, anmelder at her findes det som styrker og oppmuntrer.

Ogsaa denne gang har redaktøren samlet god og oppbyggelig julelesning, utgitt i prektig utstyrssom har igjen-nem aarene gjort at Jul i Vesterheim-en har vundet sig en kjer plads i norske hjem.

Jeg er den gode Hyrde.
Joh. 10:11.

Hyrden

JEG ER DØREN TIL FAARENE.—Joh. 10:7

Den Gode Hyrde setter sit
liv til for faarene.
Joh. 10:11.

Wadena, Sask., Andet No. i December, 1946.

Juledag — Lukas 2:15

Ukjent maal.—Dette er mottoest vi kan sette over denn jul. For ingen kan lenger med sikkerhet forutsi hvor menneskeheten vil bli neste jul eller den følgende. Bare en daare ville vaage aa spaa i disse uklare tider da folkene og deres ledere leter etter veien til en fullstendig skjult og ukjent framtid. Men han vet veien og han kjenner reisens maal—barnet som laa i Betlehems krybbe.

Og likevel er dette en bedre maate aa feire jul paa enn førkrigstidens larmende, luksuriøse prakt. Det er igrunnen lenge siden juleevangeliets sannhet har vært mere velsignet og betydningsfullt enn idag. For det burde være klart naa for alle mennesker at siden vi ikke av oss selv vet veien eller vaar skjebne, er det eneste rimelige vi kan gjøre aa istemme med hyrdene:

La Oss Gaa Like Til Bethlehem

I denne bekjennelse er uttrykt baade vaar hjelpeløshet og vaart haap. Det er sandelig ikke noen skam aa innrømme at vi trenger mere enn atom-kraft til aa sikre freden paa jord. Vaare hjerter har aldri funnet tilfredsstillelse i vitenskapens tiltrekklighet eller dens opdagelser. Mange av oss har faatt øynene vaare opplatt for den dype sannhet i Kierkegaards ord: "Det er menneskets fullkommenhet at det trenger Gud." Det er i den aand vi kjenner oss hjemme i den sanne nye samfundsorden som vi lovsynger i vaare julesange. Og dersom den opdagelse kan komme ut av de siste aars konflikter og seier at sann fred og varig glede kan komme alene fra den gode nyhet fra Bethlehem, da var prisen som maatte betales kanskje ikke for høy.

De hjemløse masser i de krigsherjede land, de frysende of sultende millioner, de sørgende blant alle nasjoner, vet og forstaa dette. For likesom de ydmyke og enfoldige var de første som saa lyset fra krybben og til aa finne veien dit, saa er det samme tilfellet ogsaa idag, en tid etter kom ogsaa de menn, selv om de hadde gaatt en forgjeves omvei til Jesu for aa søke ham i den by som tradisjonelt hadde aeren av være kongelige personers fødested. Men juleevangeliets glade nyhet er at de ikke ga opp, men holdt fram paa veien, og at de ikke holdt seg for store til aa ydmyke seg og bøye seg ved krybben i Bethlehem.

Den Siste Mil

Denne er ofte den vanskeligste aa gaa. For det betyr aa gaa hele veien til Bethlehem, og dermed naa til det maal som gir deg en personlig, levende tro paa Jesus som Frelser. Kanskje det er netop dette vi maa lære aa forstaa og ta konsekvensene av i disse i disse tider da vi ser oss om etter en fredsformular som virkelig vil vise seg brukbar.

Men naar vi lærer dette av hyrdene og de vise menn, og hva vi maa gjøre i Bethlehem, nemlig aa aa ydmyke oss selv, saa lærer vi agsa hva troens heltemot virkelig er siden det alltid krever mot aa opgi sikkerhet og menneskelig selvtilstrekkelighet.

Ikke aa undres paa at Abrahams er blitt kalt troens far, denne ensomme mannen som forlot sin fars hus og sitt land, og slett ikke visste noe om reisens maal. Ville det være forjeves aa antyde at hele verdenssituasjonen idag har gjort det litt lettere for mange av oss aa risikere reisen til en dynamisk tro paa Barnet i Bethlehem og vaage alt for ham?

For siden menneskelige anstrengelser for aa skape fred synes aa bryte sammen, er det ikke noe annet sikkert enn juleevangeliets nøkkelord: FRED. Derfor—siden vi er paa vei til et ukjent maal denne jul, er

En julekveld paa havet

Av Jul Nerland

Jevnt og sikkert brøt "Agnes" seg i vei østover i vinternatten. De hadde hatt et straalende vær da de gikk ut fra Brooklyn, men ikke før var de ute i rom sjø, saa var nordøsten over dem. Taarnhøye baarer fosset inn over skutesiden, og skumsprøyten vasket langt over baatdekket saa de mange ganger syntes de var mere under enn over vannet.

Kaptein Rolf Lund sto paa broen og søkte aa trenge gjennom nattemørket med sitt skarpe blikk. Men rundt ham var det stummende mørkt — han saa bare rormannens vage skygge i lysken fra kompasset og hørte kvesing av opprørt hav.

Lund sukket trett. Det var syvende julen i sjøen. Det skulle visst aldri hende mer at han kunne faa en rolig julekveld i land. Og sin egen familie fikk han visst heller aldri feire julen sammen med. Faren hadde han ikke sett paa femten aar. Han var ogsaa kaptein. Og det hadde alltid passet slik at naar sønnen var hjemme, ja, saa var faren ute. Det skulle vært rart aa faa se far engang igjen, tenkte Lund — gad vite hvor "Nordlys" og faren var i denne stund?

Av og til bar vinden en liflig duft med seg fra midtskipet. Kokken var nok i full sving med svinesteken og gaaseskrottene de hadde faat ombord i Brooklyn. Jojo — en julekveld i sjøen hadde ogsaa sine gode sider. Det var bare det at julen er en hjemmets høytid — ingen ting i verden kan lignede med en julekveld hjemme.

Det ble slaatt to glass — klokken var ni. Lund hørte raske føtter mot dekket — i neste naa entret tredje-styrmannen broen.

"Glædelig jul, kaptein" — smilte han, "er det ikke slik vi sier paa landjorden —?"

"Det er visst det, stryrmann!" smilte Lund tilbake, "men det er nesten som jeg har glemt hvordan den hilsenen klinger naar en har fast grunn under bena.

Tredje'n forsvant i mørket, og Lund fortsatte sin avbrutte vakt. Da kvakk det i ham — det var som hadde han sett en lysstripe i sør. Var det lyn? Nei, det kunde det neppe være — det var jo jul, og torden vær i julen paa Nord-Atlanteren —? Never!

I det samme kom telegrafisten opp lederen: "Et skip melder om havari litt sønnafør oss — hun spør om vi kan hjelpe —"

"Naturligvis — hva feiler henne —?"

"Mistet roret og driver uten styring."

"Hvilken skute er det? Og posisjonen —?"

Kunne ikke opfatte navnet, men det var en nordmann. Pososjonen vanskelig aa avgjøre øyeblikkelig — apparatene ødelagt."

"Vel — si vi endrer kurs for aa lete etter henne — be dem sende en rakett opp."

Telegrafisten gikk hurtig tilbake til telegrafan. En stund etter saa

det ikke baade vaar plikt og vaart privilegium aa vende om og gaa med hyrdene LIKE TIL BETLEHEM. I dette drama vi kaller menneskelivet er det vaar velsignede forrett aa følge hyrdene dit. Og naar vi kommer dit, laa oss gjøre som de gjorde bøye oss i enkel tilbedelse, anger over synd og tro. Da er du ikke kommet til et ukjent maal, men til fredens kilde-spring. Og da kan du reise deg op og følge Menneskesønnen i krigen mot fredens ødeleggere, mot mørkets makt, seirede og for aa seire.

—H. Arnholt Strand.

Lund en lysstripe mot himmelen omtrent der han hadde trodd det lynte.

Det klapret av raske føtter mot jerndecket — telegrafisten dukket atter fram fra mørket: "Hun har faatt en kraftig lekk og spør om vi kan komme hurtig. Stillingen er vanskelig."

Lund tok en fløyte opp av lommen og blaaste — like etter kom en av matrosene springende.

Be "baasen" rigge til redningsapparaten — men hent først styrmannen hit."

Matrosen saa saa uforstaaende paa kapteinen at denne maate smile: "Vi har en havarist like sør — vi gar til unnsetning."

Styrmannen overtok vakten paa broen mens Lund forsvant ned lederen til maskinen. Da han kom opp igjen, sto telegrafisten og ventet: "To luker splintret paa havaristen — rommene fylles. Stillingen forverrer seg stadig. Hun spør om vi kan sette farten opp."

"Be henne sende en rakett opp hvert fem-minutt — si vi gjør alt vi kan."

"Jo, det kan vi kalle en fredelig julekveld," sa styrmannen tørt, "her gleder en stakkar seg til svinestek og gaas med surkaal til, og saa maa en staa her og fryse. Glædelig jul —? Jamen sa jeg jul!"

"Kanskje de har gledet seg til julebordet der ombord ogsaa, stryrmann —" sa Lund, "og i steden maa de slite med aa holde Atlanteren ute av skuta til vi kommer. Er det ikke en hyggelig julekveld aa forsøke aa hjelpe den som er i nød —?"

"Tok De det saa alvorig da kaptein —?" smilte styrmannen, "naturligvis er det hyggelig aa hjelpe naar folk er i nød. Jeg skulle gladelig avstaa fra hele julebordets gleder hvis det kunne hjelpe oss til aa komme tidnok."

Det ble fyrt godt under kjelene — Lund kjente det dirret i hele skipet som skjøt god fart. En stund etter saa de lanternene paa havaristen — av lysenes stilling kunne de se at den var hjelpeløs i det opprørte hav. De holdt fremdeles paa aa sende raketter opp, og sto hele tiden i forbindelse med telegrafisten.

"Vannet gaar naa opp under kjelene. Kan De presse henne ytterligere?" Meldingene kom tett paa hverandre. "Vi gjør baatene klar — tvilsomt om dere kommer tidnok — vi kan bare bruke handpumpene naa."

"Sett lyskasterne paa!" ropte Lund, "vi maa faa dem ombord. Det er bare minutter det gjelder. Litt bagbord der! Vi holder ned paa henne!"

De nærmet seg stadig — lyskasterne spilte bortover de taarnhøye baarekammene som toppet seg oppe og hev seg innover det dødsdømte skip for likesom aa paaskynne undergangen.

Lund maalte avstanden mellom dem med øynene — hver mann sto med alle nerver spent: Ville de klare det —? Naa — naa matte den vende —naa —

"Hardt venstre!" skar Lunds stemme i. I samme øyeblikk laa "Agnes" over mot styrbord—pumpene øste olje utover saa baarene ble rundere og mere smule. Linetampen fra barrerne ble rundere og mere smule. Linetampen fra baatsmannens neve kven gjennom luften og ble grepet av ivrige hender som halte inn trossen som fulgte.

Det var gjort paa et øieblikk aa etablere forbindelsen.

En etter en kom de skibbrudne over til "Agnes" hvor de ble mottatt

av hjelpende hender og ført inn i lugarene.

Men havaristen sank hurtig i naar pumpene sto — i noen nervepirrende sekunder sto baatsmannen ferdig med øsken for aa kappe trossen — i samme øyeblikk som den fremmede kaptein slo neven i rekken paa "Agnes," smalt baatsmannens øks i trossen. Det var i siste liten — baarene klappet sammen over det synkende skip. Et kort lite naa var mastetoppene synlige — saa var ogsaa de borte. Havet hadde tatt det i sin mektige favn.

Den fremmede katein sto og stirret mot det sted hans skip var forsvunnet —saa strøk han luen av og bøyd hodet som stod han foran en kjær venns grav.

Lund gikk langsomt bort til ham — han forsto den annens sorg.

"Havet er ubarmhertig, kaptein," sa Lund sakte og la haanden paa den annens skulder, "en har saa mange minner som en føler gaar tapt med skuten."

"Det er jo det som gjør tapet saa uerstattelig," sa den annen trett og løftet hodet.

Da kvakk det i dem begge. De ble staaende og se paa hverandre — saa rakte de hendene fram.

"Du Rolf" — "du, far!" Det kom samtidig som med en stemme.

"Snakk om overraskelse," sa faren, "her staar jeg og graater over en tapt venn, og saa møter keg min egen sønn midt ute paa havet. Gutten min —" Faren ble blank i øyene der han sto og tok maal av sønnen. "Saa voksen du er blitt. Sist syntes jeg du bare var en guttunge."

"Det var jeg vel ogsaa, far," smilte sønnen, "det er femten aar siden — dengang var jeg 19 aar."

"Men hva tenker vi paa — julebordet har staat og ventet lenge. Kom far — la oss se hva kokken har faatt istand. Baade dine og mine folk er sikkert sultne. Vi to faar snakke privat sammen i hele natt — litt av hvert blir det vel aa snakke om etter femten aar, ikke sant —?"

Sammen gikk de lederen ned. Havet kveste, og stormen kven i trosses og touverk. Over den skimret stjernene — en av dem lyste sterkere enn de andre. Julestjernen.

Det var jul. Julekveld paa et opprørt hav. Men i to hjerter var der glede over aa møtes etter aa ha vært adskilt i femten lange aar.

("Fiskerens Jul.")

KAN DU HØRE . . .

Av Kristian Jansen,
Baltimore, Maryland

Kan du høre den tonen
som englene sang
da budet om frelse
fra himmelen klang?

Kan du høre dem kvede
som før de det kvad,
at født er din Frelser
i Betlehems stad,
— at om du ham søker,
du finne ham skal?
Venn, lytt til den tonen
og følg nu dens kall!

Og stjernen paa himlen
enn straalere sitt bud
om miskunn og naade,
om trøst fra din Gud.
Og vil du kun vandre
i lys fra dens skinn,
til Jesus, din Frelser,
den fører dig inn.

Saa skynd dig til krybben,
hos barnet knel ned
i tro paa Guds-ordet,
saa faar du sjels-fred.
Det barn, det er Herren,
din Frelsermann stor,
han kom for aa bringe
Guds-freden til jord.

The Personality of the Holy Spirit

By Johan L. Kildahl

There are many people who profess to be Christians, but who are on doubtful ground whenever the subject of the Holy Spirit is mentioned. We believe that there are many Christians who are like the woman who confessed: "It is strange that I know so little about the Holy Spirit."

There are those who could explain with the early disciples Paul met at Ephesus, "We did not so much as hear that the Holy Spirit was given." And the reason for this may be correctly stated by Dr. Bertram Pollock, who says, "Too little is systematically said or taught about the Holy Spirit." Then again, there may be those who feel that the doctrine about the Holy Spirit is too difficult to understand, and for that reason they are not interested in the subject. It is well for us, therefore, to take a little time to meditate upon the subject of the Person and the work of the Holy Spirit.

There is a great deal of confusion about the Holy Spirit. There are all kinds of misconceptions as to who the Holy Spirit is, how He comes, and how He works. There are those who cannot grasp the idea that the Holy Spirit is a person, just as God the Father is a person, and as God the Son is a person.

This should not be a strange teaching, though, for early in life we learned that there is one God, but three persons, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. In spite of this fact the confusion remains. To some people the Holy Spirit is no more than an influence, but the Holy Spirit is not an influence, vaguely guiding us with an energy that is hardly distinguishable from our other emotions. Neither is He, as some people think, the spirit of man. Paul distinguishes between his spirit and the Holy Spirit, in the twentieth chapter of Acts, when he says, "Behold I go bound in the spirit (his own spirit) unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Spirit testifieth unto me in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me." Stellan tells us by way of interpretation of this passage that "Paul felt constrained in his own spirit because the Holy Spirit constrained his spirit, imprinting it with the necessity of going to Jerusalem."

To some people the Holy Spirit is that in man, which makes of him a sort of genius, so that he can do things that are a little above the average accomplishments of man. And to others again, the Holy Spirit is nothing more than a sort of enthusiasm for a given cause which man is able to work up within himself of his own power.

From earliest childhood you and I have learned to confess: "I believe in the Holy Ghost." What does that confession mean? It means first and foremost that the Holy Spirit is a person, with whom we may have fellowship, in whom we may confide, and whom we may trust with all our hearts. To the question, "What do you mean by saying that you believe in the Holy Ghost?" is given the answer, "That with all my heart I trust Him as my Guide and Sanctifier who enables me to believe in Jesus Christ and to live according to His will." You cannot confide in a mere influence. You cannot have fellowship with a mere power or force. In order that you may be able to confide in Him and trust Him He must be a person, and that He is in every sense of the word.

We believe that much of the prevailing ignorance regarding the Holy Spirit is the work of the Devil. Satan is an evil spirit and he strives to keep us from knowing the Holy Spirit. But the better we know the Holy Spirit as a person, the better we will know His personality and His work. — The Lutheran Teacher.

When you are so devoted to doing what is right that you press straight on to that and disregard what men are saying about you, there is the triumph of moral courage.—Phillips Brooks



YULETIDE GREETINGS

"... behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—Luke 2:10.

How fortunate we are to be the recipients of such a vital and eternal message. Simple, lowly and vigilant shepherds received the message almost 2,000 years ago. We can well marvel at their inability to grasp fully the significance of the message then. Have we yet fully fathomed the depth of promise and the infinite scope of that first glad Christmas message?

Shall we as Luther Leaguers prayerfully review our Father's promise and draw closer to Him this Christmas than ever before? Shall we re-dedicate ourselves to the cause that is His and continue faithful in His service in the coming year? Shall we as Y.P.L. Leaguers help to see that all people receive the tidings of salvation this coming year?

May God's richest blessings be yours this Christmas and may the New Year be your best yet.—L.S.O.

From Camrose Circuit

The year 1946 is soon over. We picture the old year as a care-worn, old man. A promising young child is depicted as the new year.

Similarly we can picture our journey in life. The old man is the sinful man without God. The hopeful child is the man in Christ. Salvation through Jesus' blood makes an entirely new person of degenerate man.

But in these two pictures there is one main difference. Every year the first one is repeated, but in the last it is completed once for all. If one is born into Christ he is a new creature, and does not need to be saved again if he remains true. Shall we not accept a salvation like this with its eternal hope? There are people who know nothing of salvation through Christ. We are responsible to those, so shall we in 1947, face the challenge "You Need Jesus Christ", and also bring it to our neighbor?

—Daniel Vinge (Circuit President).

From Edmonton Circuit

"... the eyes of the Lord are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year." Deut. 11:12.

Herein is a wonderful promise given to Moses of old—that his Lord, your Lord, my Lord, has His all-seeing eyes on the land throughout the year.

As we stand on the threshold of a new year, we make ready to go out, not knowing whither we go, as did Abraham. But—Abraham went out in faith—knowing that God would fulfill His promise to him—are we starting out into the unknown in faith?

"God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with unerring hand—"

We can face 1947 with full assurance when we face it in the companionship of God. He knows the future and has His eyes upon us from the be-

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE

LUTHER S. OLSON, Editor, Camrose, Alberta

ginning of the year even unto the end of the year.

"Our hand in God's hand shall be better to us than a light, better than a known road."

—Bodil Gottlieb (Circuit president).

From Southern Alberta Circuit

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Indeed He has. Coming to the end of a year one experiences mixed feelings. I hope every Luther Leaguer experiences regret and disappointment over self. How much more self-surrendered I wanted really to be in 1946 than I was. I spent so little time in prayer. In preparing for the New Year every Luther Leaguer needs the experience of confessing his sins before God. "Blot out my transgressions, Remember not, O Lord, my sin."

I hope every Luther Leaguer experiences peace with God. The past is forgiven. How thankful I am to Christ who died for me. I am free for the Son has made me free.

I hope every Luther Leaguer joyfully anticipates the continuous fellowship of abiding in Jesus in 1947. We pray that He may be our defense against every evil, our source of comfort in days that may be hard, and our source of strength to meet the duties and problems of every day.

Eagerly we meet the new Year. The Lord hath helped us in the past. He will also most assuredly help us in the future.

—Pastor G. Morstad,
(Circuit President).

From Swift Current Circuit

As the old year is passing out and a new year is being ushered in it is a great privilege to begin it in Jesus name. To thank and praise Him for His free gift of salvation and to dedicate our lives to His service. Jesus wants, not only your hearts but also our willingness to be a worker in His vineyard here on earth, to point the way to Him and help needy souls along the way. Paul admonishes the Colossians that whatsoever they do in word or deed to do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus and so it must be with us as we seek to do His bidding whatever that may be. So then let us take the Name of Jesus with us to further His work of winning souls for Him in our own Luther League and wherever needy souls are waiting to know the way of salvation.

—Orville Wig (Circuit president)

From Prince Albert Circuit

You need Jesus Christ!

Our theme must ring out to many young people in the coming year. The flickering lights of the theatre and dance hall are calling our young people. This is what they want but Christ is what they need. I wouldn't dare take one step out in this sin darkened world without Christ. "Apart from Me ye can do nothing." Satan is scoring many victories. He has his servants along the road to lead our young people astray. We must heed God's warnings. "Watch! Pray! Beware! Take Heed!" These are warning signs which God has given us; yet how unheeded they are.

This is no time for sleeping Christians. The devil is on his toes, therefore we must be wide awake. "Dead to the world, dead to trespasses and sins, but on fire for God." We will go through 1947 victorious, with Jesus as our pilot, but we need Him.

—Johan Hesje (Circuit President).

From Saskatoon Circuit

Greetings in the name of Jesus! As we turn our attention to the New Year and what it may hold for us I think of two incomparable values that we as Christians possess.

The first is a heritage. "God's

Word is our great heritage." It is not only ours in print but it becomes a very part of us as we feast upon its spiritual riches daily. God's Word is old and yet it never grows old. Sometimes His Word convicts me of sin, sometimes assures me of the forgiveness of my sin to such a degree that the peace which passes understanding seems to glow within the heart. At all times it is a strength and guide for the daily pilgrimage.

The second unique value I possess as God's child is "hope". "We have a hope which is both sure and steadfast", "the hope of salvation", or again, "the hope of eternal life." This is what the Bible means when it speaks about the Christian's hope.

Leaguers, this what we have to give others in this coming year of opportunity. As we do so we will experience and realize our heritage and hope to a greater degree than ever before.

—Pastor L. E. McFarlane,
(Circuit president).

From Moose Jaw Circuit

The World Before Us

Christian New Year Greetings, fellow leaguers! For this New Year I would like to share this verse from Matt. 5:16.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Beginning the New Year we have a brand new year ahead and a whole world before us that needs to hear the gospel. Every part of the globe could use new missionaries and Christ workers every day of this New Year. While many of us will not be going to foreign fields, we have fields "white unto harvest" here in our own country and in our own neighborhood. It is said that action speaks louder than words, so, while we may preach and talk Christ to others, it would be well to live Christ for others to see. Follow the verse from Matt. 5:16.

Beginning the New Year we could draw up a list of good works to perform. We could do such things as giving your pastor whatever assistance he needs, home and hospital visitation, giving of your time and money to the church, and being cheerful and helpful to all. Even if we follow out such a program, there will be many times we will come face to face with new problems and with other ways of letting our light shine. Perhaps we will be unable to do many of the things outlined but each Christian has his own corner to light up and we should always try to keep that corner bright throughout every day of the New Year. And by asking help, through prayer, of your heavenly Father you will be able to do just that.

Arthur Dahlman (Circuit president).

When Jesus speaks, let fallible mortals hold their peace.—Godbey.

SIGNIFICANT MEETINGS

A meeting of the boards of the district will be held in Saskatoon, Sask., on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 6, 7, 8, 1947.

On Monday, 2 p.m., Board of Charities; Tuesday, 9 a.m., Board of Trustees; 2 p.m., Bible Camp representatives; Wednesday, 9 a.m., Board of Education; 2 p.m., Board of Parish Education.

There will be inspirational sessions on Monday and Tuesday evenings.